

What's In a Name

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What's In a Name

by [RedRosella](#)

Summary

Little King John realizes that he doesn't actually know Sneezy's true name, just his code name, and it hurts.

Now that he knows everything was a lie, he just wants to figure out how much he doesn't know about his partner, and maybe try to fix this rift that has come between them.

Notes

I realized while writing this that writing for Ratboy Genius is really tough. I didn't realize how much of the characters voices really rely on the music that goes with them, and that they are basically a musical instrument in themselves, so trying to put them in just text doesn't do them enough justice. Plus, the characters do talk just a little weird. I think it adds to their charm. It was definitely an interesting experiment writing this.

(And if you're one of my few subscribers who just decided to click on this even though you don't know the fandom, go watch Ratboy Genius on Youtube. I swear it's really good.)

Just a few weeks since the Ratboy's message and subsequent journey to another dimension had passed, and things had finally settled down. Caveman had joined Little King John and Sneezy in their new home, becoming another addition to their odd semi-family.

Caveman had even begun to teach the king about being a Galactic Superhero. Sneezy was there too, but John was reluctant to hear about his intergalactic travels, instead preferring the Caveman's dulcet tones explaining the beginnings of friendship and superheroism working together.

Slowly, more and more survivors of the Great Deluge were finding the King's new haven. While John would normally be ecstatic to have more subjects, it all felt a bit... hollow now. Like something that was there once before was gone.

Maybe it was the peace he had before. Not that the flood was peaceful, but at least he knew what to expect. Now it was multiverses and superheroes and ratboys that he had no clue how to feel about.

He felt... insignificant for the first time in his life. Like he was just one small speck in the grand scheme of things, when before the entire world revolved around him.

Sneezy was an ever constant reminder of that.

His friend, who had lied to him for months.

A part of his brain understood why Sneezy lied to him, why he had to keep things secret, but the other, more powerful part ranted about deception and lack of trust, when he had put so much of his own trust in Sneezy. He trusted him on his yacht. Trusted him with his home. Trusted him with and his friendship and his kingdom and his hope- and he threw it all away. Like it meant nothing.

And now they were here, sitting and tossing stones like nothing had happened. It was near maddening.

"What's your name, Sneezy?" Little King John asked as he threw a stone with one hand, the other holding up his head as he slouched over.

Sneezy didn't chase after it like before, instead staring at John incredulously. "What do you mean, John? You just said it."

"I mean your real name. Sneezy was just a code, right? A signal." A lie. "And an annoying one at that."

Sneezy paused, taking a few seconds before he padded over to the king, standing face to face with him. "...Buck Dodger. My name was Buck Dodger."

Little King John squinted in thought. "Buck Dodger... It doesn't fit."

“No, I guess it didn’t.” Sneezy shook his head and started like he was about to chase after the stone again, but the King’s words stopped him again.

“Why are you talking in past tense?”

“John... I am not Buck Dodger anymore. Buck Dodger lived outside of Minecraft, working with the Ratboy Genius and Galactic Friends. I am here now, as Sneezy, working with you.”

“That does not make sense. How can you be Buck Dodger but not be him?”

“Because I’m with you. With you, I’m just Sneezy,” he said like it made perfect sense.

“...Do you like being just Sneezy?” John asked shyly, barely able to utter the words..

Sneezy placed a paw on his leg in a comforting gesture. “John, you do not need to worry about me leaving. I like it here. My work may be done, but I am in no hurry to leave.”

“I am aware.” Was he? Or was he just hoping desperately that it was true. That his one friend wouldn’t abandon him once all his work was done. “But do you like being Sneezy? Or were you more happy as... Dodger?”

“That is a complicated question to answer, John. That was in the past, and this is now.”

“You’re avoiding the question.” John’s voice was laced with hints of anger. He just wanted a clear answer instead of another mystery he had to piece together on his own.

“Of course I enjoy being Sneezy. Just as I enjoyed being Dodger. I cannot compare them because they are both good, and both different. There is no reason to compare them.”

“The reason to compare them is because I want to know if you’d rather be there than here!” John stretched larger, trying to be more intimidating to get a clear answer for once. “Am I keeping you from being happier? Do you want to go back home to the Galactic Friends?”

“My home is here with you, John. I will not compare my past and my present, but I will tell you that I do not regret where it led me.”

There was silence, and John stretched back to his normal size. It was clear he wasn’t going to change his friend’s mind here. He turned his gaze away, looking far out into the water.

“Why do you only call me John?” He worked up the courage to ask, steering the conversation in another direction.

Sneezy thought for a second. “Why do you let me?”

“Because...you’re Sneezy.”

Sneezy shrugged. “I suppose that answers it. I call you John because that’s what you’ve always been to me. When we met, you weren’t a king. You were a person looking for land and hoping to one day regain his crown. You did, and you are in fact Little King John now,

but that will never nullify the fact that once you were a king with no kingdom- and that's no king at all."

John narrowed his eyes. "Is that an insult?"

"Hardly. I think it's the opposite. I'm one of the only people who got to see the real you, without the crown."

"But I am the real me," John said, confounded.

"Are you? Or do you only act like you think a king should? You cannot lie to me, John."

John thought it over for a few seconds, unable to find the answer. He thought he acted like himself, but... was that really him? Out here with Sneezy he did feel a lot less constrained by trying to act regal and proper, more free than when he was actively making decisions that affected his kingdom. Was this the real him? Maybe Sneezy was right...

But could he trust his opinion on this? When he knew Sneezy's first impression of him was still a farce?

"...I still feel betrayed," Little King John finally spoke. "I don't know if you're still lying to me."

"I know." Sneezy gazed down at the ground, not wanting to look him in the eye. "I'm sorry. I did what I thought was best, and I did not think I would get in this deep. I didn't think I would care for you enough to regret it."

"You didn't think I was worth caring about?" John's voice almost broke.

"John, I was briefed for this mission by Ratboy Genius. The one whose girlfriend you stole. You are the opposite of him in everything you do. There might have been some bias in the information I was given that informed my decision."

John humphed, but didn't protest further. The Baby was a sore subject, and looking back on it now he did see it as a misstep in the grand scheme of things, but he would never admit that to anyone.

"For what it's worth, I would never lie to you now. I know it will take time to gain back your complete trust, and I may never make up for hurting you in the past, but I promise you things are different now," Sneezy assured him.

"It's okay, Sneezy. I guess I'm just wondering how things may have turned out differently if I knew everything from the start. If I didn't feel led along with everyone knowing things but me."

"Who knows, John. It doesn't matter, anyway, though. Everything worked out in the end, and we've created a nice life here. I wouldn't change anything for the world, not when it brought us here."

“Yeah.” John gave him a small smile, and then picked the stone they were playing with before back up. He was about to throw it again when he heard a voice in the distance.

“Hey guys, you didn’t tell me you were playing with rocks!” Caveman’s slow voice came, getting louder as he got closer. “You should have told me!”

“Sorry, Caveman. It just happened naturally. You can join in now,” Sneezy apologized.

“Hooray!”

Things weren’t perfect in their little kingdom, but they were getting better. Day by day things were changing, trust being restored, their family growing, their people happy.

It wasn’t perfect, but it was theirs.

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